

P O E M S,

LYRICK PIECES, TALES,  
ELEGIES, &c.

By J. HILLARY,  
OF THIS CITY.

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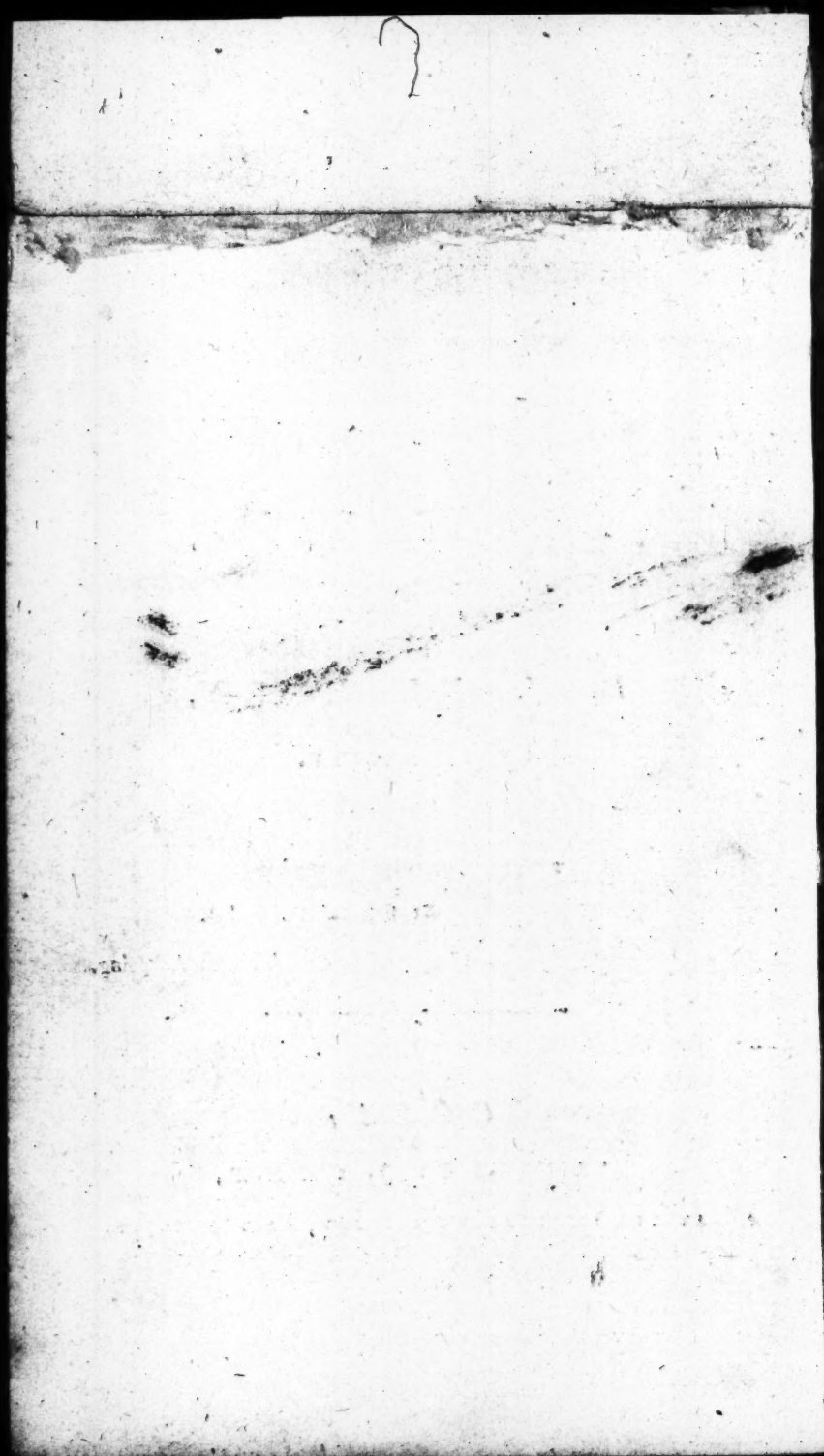
At first faint-warbled.

Thomson's Spring.

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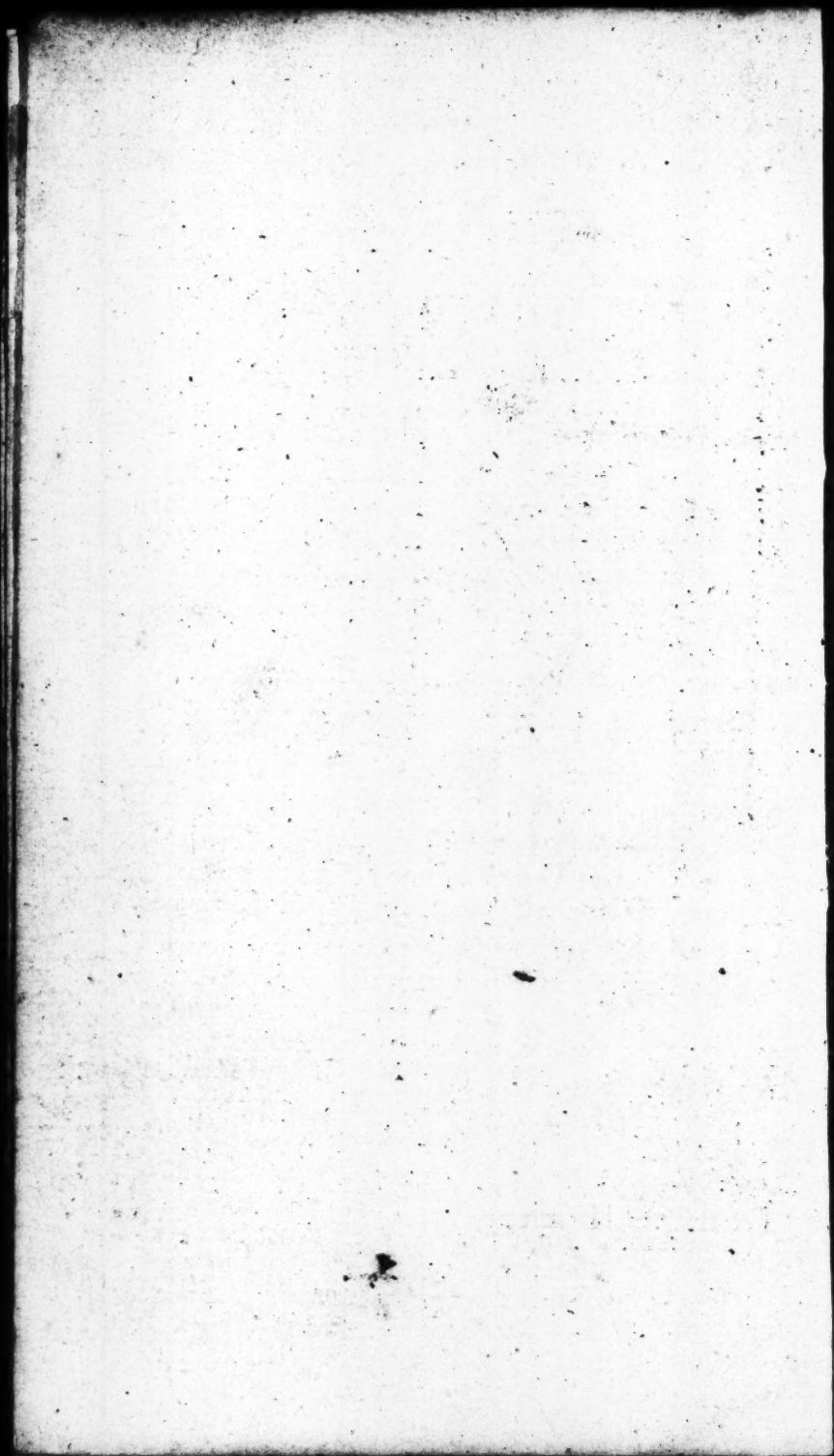
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## ADVERTISEMENT.

*THE Author has encountered some misfortunes in the Publication of these few Poems; the Manner in which they are now published, is far inferior to that which he had contracted for with the original Printer; & they have been delayed beyond all reasonable time: both which circumstances have proceeded from causes which he was unable to foresee or counteract.--- To the Subscribers, he returns his sincere thanks for their generous and unsolicited Support; and hopes they will not impute to him any voluntary Neglect of his Engagement. — For the Piece themselves, if some of them may appear to breathe too much Levity, he hopes it will be considered, that they were mostly, the light effusion of a youthful mind, unclouded by Care, and unruffled by Misfortune; which have, since that Time pressed heavy on him with more than common bitterness.*

“ Let him not now of carelessness be tax’d,  
He’ll write in earnest when he writes the next :  
Mean-while

Prune his superfluous branches, never spare;  
But do it kindly, be not too severe,  
He may bear better fruit another year.”

OTWAY, Prol. to Don Car.

CORK, OCT. 30, 1794.





LYRICK PIECES.

B



LYRICK PIECES.

Mary Swayne

ADDRESS TO FAME.

HOW shall I find thee Airy Pow'r ?  
Unapt for toil, not mine the strength  
Aloft on vig'rous wing to tow'r,  
And strains laborious frame of tuneful length.

For me, the flow'ry meads among,  
Enough, on short-excurfive wing,  
To warble weak the tender song,  
Nor dare in giddy heights presumptuous sing.

Or haply, if the Muse should please,  
Mirthful to tempt the jecund lay ;  
I reach at most the humble praise,  
To charm the village nymphs at close of day.

What's to be done, enchanting Pow'r?—  
 Save those to haughty science known,  
 And affluent in foreign lore,  
 May none else hope t'attain thy radiant crown.

—Yet, tun'd to Love the sprightly lyre  
 May win her fame-transcending smile,  
 Whose charms the glowing song inspire;  
 And *Clarabel*! may crown her poet's toil.

Thus, tho' my obscure stars deny  
 The all-enchanting breath of praise,  
 Yet happier than Apollo I,  
 May clasp the nymph, while I pursue the bays.

THE

## THE ENTRANCE OF MAY.

For thee, sweet Month, the groves green liv'ries wear ;  
If not the first the fairest of the year.

DRYDEN.

SHE comes! she comes! with triumph swell  
The sprightly pipe, and sounding shell:  
Young Maia comes! afar behold,  
Bright in her tresses' flowing gold,  
Where at Aurora's purple ray,  
Dissolve yon' amber clouds away;  
She wins her course in easy state:  
Around the Loves and Graces wait.  
Lo! Youth, with vernal blossoms crown'd,  
And bright-eyed Pleasure hover round:  
The rosy Smiles, and laughing Hours  
Bestrew the azure way with flow'rs  
While purple-winged Zephyrs bear  
Her silver car thro' wafting air.  
O'er the gay triumph from above,  
Celestial smiles consenting Jove.

Lo!

Lo ! from her lap th' enamell'd flow'rs  
 She flings in aromatic 'show'rs :  
 High-tinctured of the sun, the rose,  
 With that of pallid bloom she throws ;  
 Lillies, whose snowy robes are dy'd  
 In unmixt light, and daisies pied.  
 The golden cowslip's freckled bell,  
 Where sportive Fairies love to dwell ;  
 With violéts dim, whose soft'ning dye  
 Beams like the love-sick virgin's eye.  
 These all in gay confusion glow,  
 And flush the kindling scene below.

And see ! the green rejoicing Earth,  
 Renew'd in youth as at it's birth ;  
 A waving glow of beauty spread  
 O'er ev'ry field and ev'ry mead ;  
 The groves their plenteous honours rear,  
 And churlish winds no longer fear.  
 Exulting run the streams, or show  
 In silver mirrors Heav'n below :  
 The valleys smile, the hills rejoice,  
 The woods pour forth wild musick's voice ;

Lam



Balm breathe the winds, and on their wing  
 Health, melody, and fragrance bring ;  
 While thro' the blue serene display  
 The laughing skies redoubled day :  
 Delight and Beauty fill the whole,  
 And ev'ry sense of joy is full.

Young Maia now approaching near,  
 Forsakes the lucid paths of air ;  
 Where yon fair bow it's arch extends  
 With lifted colours gay, descends :  
 A sun-bright show'r of rosy dew,  
 Half veils her beauties from the view ;  
 While round, her train ethereal play,  
 Like sun-beams on a summer sea.  
 See ! the glad Earth, to meet her rise,  
 And quaff rich pleasure from her eyes :  
 The warbling rivers as she moves,  
 Shine with ten thousand glitt'ring d 10  
 But hark ! what musick floats in air,  
 And calls the soul up to the ear ;  
 The woodland poets hover round,  
 Of ev'ry pitch of varied sound ;

Grateful

Grateful they carrol forth the lay,  
And hail the Queen of roseate May.

As in the golden dawn of time,  
Each beauty blooming in it's prime ;  
Now, to yon flow'ry-vested lea,  
That swells t' embrace the God of day,  
Her dew-bright steps young Maia leads :  
Roses rise thick where'er she treads.  
Pleasure before on purple wings  
Flutters on high, and flutt'ring firs ;  
Youth sure to follow where he flies,  
With sunny looks, and laughing eyes  
Pursues ; the Hours and Graces round,  
Dance to the pipe's enliv'ning sound.

Arriv'd, sublime upon a throne,  
Where living turf with roses shone,  
Young Maia plac'd : her quick'ning eyes  
Swaying the circle of the skies,  
Far as the sea-besilver'd shore,  
Where sport blue Nymphs, and Tritons hoar :  
She waves the sign, Pleasure and Youth,  
Apply the shrilly horn to mouth ;

The

The winding notes by zephyrs borne,  
 Soar to the chambers of the morn;  
 While thro' their mossy cells around,  
 Glad echoes propagate each sound.

When lo ! from yonder piny grove,  
 (Where nymphs of form celestial rove  
 Glancing like sun-beams to and fro)  
 Issues a gay-enchanted show :  
 Love leads the way, with joy more fair  
 Than light, and soft as yielding air :  
 Next, the nine Virgins ever young,  
 These play while those exalt the song.  
 Last, Beauty with transcendant grace,  
 In all the wonders of her face ;  
 Naked, save where the Graces bound,  
 The all-enchancing cestus round :  
 Her eyes, a lambent glory crowns,  
 Where smiling fit attemper'd suns ;  
 Of silky gold her tresses fine  
 As subtle spiders' self-drawn line,  
 Float to the earth, and gild the grass  
 With yellow lustre as they pass.

C

Heav'n

Heav'n seems deserted, while the queen  
 Encircled by a throng is seen  
 Of Nymphs, whose dazzling charms transcend,  
 All but the Goddess they attend.

Now, Maia bending from her throne,  
 The Goddess of the golden zone  
 Receives within her rosy arms,  
 And breathes new lustre o'er her charms :  
 Her eyes a more celestial day  
 Diffuse, where Love dissolving lay ;  
 While o'er her cheeks the living red  
 In rosy radiance burning spread.

They sit, and Love beneath them lies,  
 His fires rekindling at their eyes ;  
 His shafts renews ; young Maia lends  
 Light plumes to wing the feather'd ends ;  
 And golden points all deadly keen,  
 Supplies ambrosial Beauty's Queen.

Mean while, the grove's green errors past,  
 The Nymphs, where clust'ring roses cast

O'er

O'er her gay charms a blusky shade ;  
 And winds in luscious dalliance play'd ;  
 Sequester'd, find the Queen of flow'rs,  
 Where dewy coolness guards her bow'rs.  
 The Pow'r, preventing their demands,  
 Her choicest sweets with humid hands,  
 Presents, of burnish'd tints as bright,  
 As those which in the fields of light,  
 Drink of ambrosial rivers roll'd  
 Thro' meads of alphodel o'er gold.  
 These, with nice care the nymphs divide :  
 Bright flow'rs, that seem in purple pride  
 To burn, and fire the blushing air,  
 Here lye; the earth besilv'ring here,  
 A lucid heap in virgin white,  
 Seem to dissolve in dewy light.  
 And lovelier still, the flow'rs that show  
 Each colour of the painted bow ;  
 Where hue with hue enamell'd vies,  
 And light disports in mingling dies.

From all, the brightest blooms they cull,  
 Pregnant of aromattick soul;

And mixt with happiest skill divine,  
 Two crowns of gayest beauty twine ;  
 Where waving sportive to the sun,  
 In lucid chace the colours run.  
 These ; while the muses wake around  
 Their silver instruments of sound ;  
 And Earth and Heav'n delighted lean  
 Attentive to the joyous scene,  
 Pleasure presents at Maiia's throne,  
 To her and Beauty each a crown ;  
 And while loud triumph swells the lay,  
 May, Beauty crowns, and Beauty May.

When Maiia thus---“ Our reign's begun,  
 “ And Love, this month is all thy own :  
 “ Now thy delicious poison breathe,  
 “ O'er all the subject world beneath ;  
 “ Make Stoicks in their cells repine  
 “ Midst my delights and envy thine ;  
 “ But let the beauteous and the young,  
 “ With soft desire be sweetly stung.

Love, strait a glitt'ring shov'r of darts  
 Let fly, that pierce unnumber'd hearts ;

And



And laughs to see the Nymphs and Swains,  
Hugg the dear shafts and blefs their pains.

Now, Pleasure, from a bloomy fpray,  
Bright-waving to the eye of day  
His many-colour'd wings, that bathe  
With dews nectarious Love beneath;  
To solemnize and crown the morn,  
In which young Maiia was born;  
Exalts the fong: the Mufes nigh,  
Their fweet-respondent lyres apply;  
And on the air with halcyon wings,  
Broods hufht Attention, while he fings:

“ Ambrofial Queen of foft delights,  
“ Of golden days, and bliffful nights;  
“ See, Goddefs fair, fweet Maiia fee,  
“ Earth drest in richeft robes for thee;  
“ Fair as when firft by Jove comprest,  
“ In rofeate clouds her melting breast,  
“ Her womb with feed celestial fill'd,  
“ Look'd forth the vernal Year and fmil'd.  
“ Phœbus, for thee prolongs his ftay,  
“ And lingers on the verge of day:

“ For

" For thee, the eye of night diffuses  
 " The milder light the lover chuses ;  
 " When in the moony grove he spies  
 " Soft-heaving breasts and melting eyes,  
 " And sighs are heard, while friendly shades,  
 " Excuse the blush of timid maids.  
 " From the low-cottag'd vale, and where  
 " Their tow'ry heads proud cities rear ;  
 " And smiling in their rural charms,  
 " The past'ral meads and shelter'd farms,  
 " Amuse the eye ; from downy sleep,  
 " Before the ruffet morn can peep,  
 " The Nymphs and jocund Swains advance,  
 " To see thy golden tresses dance  
 " Up the blue east, and glitt'ring stream,  
 " O'er trembling floods and mountains dim.

" And lo ! where smiling gay is seen,  
 " The gently-swelling shaven green ;  
 " It's edge with quiv'ring poplars round,  
 " Shunning each others' shadow crown'd :  
 " In homage due, the Swains erect,  
 " Pride of the grove, the elm bedeck

" With

" With flow'ry wreaths; and breathing pleasure,  
 " Leads the fair Nymph the sprightly measure,  
 " Queen of the May, sweet portraiture,  
 " And image of thy rural pow'r :  
 " Whose charms while he illumines, the Sun  
 " Blushes to see himself outshone.

" All Nature, rosy-bosom'd Queen,  
 " Delighted hails thy welcome reign ;  
 " But chief the gentle bosom's thine,  
 " Peace-crown'd, where love or fancy shine.  
 " Thy pow'r the grateful Lover blesses,  
 " That thaw'd the nymph to his caresses.  
 " Full of the god thy groves among,  
 " To thee the Poet pours his song ;  
 " While gilding e'en the noon-tide air,  
 " Gay shapes and shadowy worlds appear.  
 " But O ! thy praise in one requires,  
 " The poet's and the lover's fires :  
 " And if in no ignoble verse,  
 " Some grateful Bard the theme rehearse,  
 " 'Tis not of fame the common breath  
 " (His care beneath) nor laurel wreath,  
 " Awaits

" Awaits the toil ; (if May can move,  
 " Or pleasure win the soul to love)  
 " But *Clarabel* ! shall smile reward,  
 " And crown the labour of the Bard."



### A REFLECTION.

**F**ORTUNE's ungratefully repaid,  
 By those she smiles upon :  
 Wisdom in wealth is deem'd imply'd,  
 And want and folly one.

Yet

Yet half the praise is hers, and half  
 E'en dulness may demand :  
 While some their heaviness keeps safe,  
 And some untempted stand.

This Thing, the many-beaten ground,  
 In safety makes his course :  
 O ! save me from the mill-wheel's round,  
 Or blind me like it's horse.

Pleasure's the smiling good I fought,  
 Experience all my gain :  
 Thus useful druggs the Chymist wrought,  
 The wond'rous stone his aim.

How lovely does thy realm appear,  
 O Pleasure ! to our eyes ;  
 A bloomy eden op'ning fair  
 Beneath intemp'rate skies !

While cold, O Prudence ! is thy soil :  
 Tho' wholesome be thy fruit,

D

Thy

Thy plants require long patient toil,  
And late, and slow, they shoot.

Too late for me ! yet why deplore  
What youth and folly lost ;  
Content is always in our pow'r,  
And wealth no more can boast.



VERSES,



VERSES,

*Sent to a young Lady on her arrival in Town, who  
was expected in the Spring, but did not come  
'till the approach of Winter.*

O ! welcome as the sun to those  
Whose night reigns half the year ;  
Welcome as after toil, repose,  
Or safety after fear.

But, for our joy so long delay'd,  
May what excuse be giv'n ?  
Was it that dying Hope, dear Maid,  
Might fit him for his heav'n !

Or, that the bounds so closely set,  
Of agony and bliss ;  
You led us to the verge of that,  
To reach th' extreme of this ?

D 2

Yes,

Yes, 'twas our pleasure to enhance,  
 That you prolong'd our pain :  
 And on the winter thus advance,  
 To make it Spring again.

At large thy lustre to display,  
 No more in shades retir'd ;  
 But giving and receiving day,  
 Delight, and be admir'd !

But hold ---that praise thy charms excite,  
 Thy nobler soul disclaims ;  
 Thus tho' the Sun our eyes invite,  
 They may not meet his beams.

To

## TO TWILIGHT.

COME, penfive Twilight, sober Nun,  
 Sweet friend of musing sorrow haste;  
 Unfold thy shadowy mantle dun,  
 And sooth my troubled soul to rest.

Sick of the day's detested glare,  
 Of noise, of form, of friends, and foes,  
 I long to see thy shades appear,  
 And in thy bosom breathe my woes.

To thee, of murder'd hopes to mourn,  
 In some wild visionary dell;  
 How all dejected and forlorn,  
 In this gay-peopled world I dwell.

Long

Long, very long, deceiv'd by hope,  
 Restless I tofs'd from wave, to wave ;  
 Now cast on cheerless waste to mope,  
 I see no shelter but the grave.

O for the morning dream of youth !  
 Deceive dear visions ! once again,  
 For reason in the search of truth,  
 But leads us to the door of pain.

Like the nice juggler's artful flight,  
 Life ignorantly charms our eyes ;  
 The trick discern'd, no more delight  
 It yields, we see and we despise.

Calm umpire 'twixt the day and night,  
 Come then, sad Twilight, spread thy veil ;  
 Absorb the hated world from sight,  
 And hide the woes thou canst not heal.

VERSES,

## VERSES,

*Written on a young Lady, who quitting the  
room, desired the Author to write something  
on her 'gainst her return.*

ON thy fair self to bid me write,  
Yet go dear Maid away !

How shall my Muse describe the light,  
When thus debarr'd the day !

But as seraphick speech is faint,

Heaven's beauty to declare ;

While yet on earth rash wits dare paint,

What Angels cannot there.

So

So with thy prefence were I crown'd,  
 You knew your pow'r o'er me ;  
 In wonder ! would my fpeech be drown'd,  
 My fenfe in extafy !

But ah ! return thee to my arms,  
 For Milton's mufe of fire,  
 In vain wou'd ftrive to paint thy charms,  
 Or my intenfè defire.



### A WISH.

O for a spot ! where fhelt'ring peace  
 Might let the buds of virtue blow ;  
 Where I may find ere life fhall ceafe,  
 Some tafte of happinefs below.

Where



Where lock'd in love and friendship's arms,  
 My genius might confess it's home ;  
 Banquet on Nature's simple charms,  
 Or thro' the wilds of fancy roam.

Ah ! is this Life, this giddy round  
 Of pleasure, as the thoughtless feign ;  
 By the unconscious heart disown'd,  
 And which reflection turns to pain ?

No---bitter dregs pollute the cup---  
 Which vice pours forth, or folly serves ;  
 If generous reason fill not up,  
 Pleasure amid abundance starves.

O then some Pow'r ! convey me hence  
 To Nature, Reason, Love, and Peace ;  
 And if I wish remove from thence,  
 Damn me to folly all my days.

## THE

Last beam of Hope departed.

**F**ORBEAR, fond youth thy passion to disclose;  
Betake thee, Lycidas, to some lone cell,  
There brood in mournful silence o'er thy woes;  
Or to the pitying shades thy sorrows tell.

Thus spoke her eyes; the while a heav'nly tear,  
Softened the cruel message they convey'd:  
The flame she doom'd to silence and despair,  
Yet wrung some pity from the lovely maid.

Alas! that pity but compleats my woe;  
From the sweet perfume I inhale my bane:  
A weeping Angel! dealt th' unwilling blow,  
I'm lost! nor left the solace to complain:

CELIA.

## CELIA.

CELIA, as summer glowing fair,  
 Is cold as winter's ice:  
 Heav'n fram'd her thro' an over-care,  
 Preposterously nice.

The little heat that lies conceal'd  
 Beneath her frozen breast,  
 Like spirits in a glass congeal'd,  
 Within her soul's compress.

O'er a feign'd tale of love, all tears;  
 But make your passion known,  
 And lo! this Niobe appears,  
 Transform'd to instant stone.

Thus sparkling springs less frigid feel,  
 As summer heats remove;  
 And water thus I've seen congeal,  
 Before a burning stove.

Heav'n meant a riddle making her,  
 To puzzle human wit :  
 A glowing snow-ball ! frozen fire,  
 That scorches without heat !

And lovers by her piercing eyes,  
 As oddly are undone ;  
 As one who thro' a lens of ice,  
 Receives the burning fun.



STANZAS,

## STANZAS,

*Design'd as introductory to an allegorick Poem,  
attempted after the plan of Spencer.*

NOW, that Reality, of late so fair  
In blossom'd pride of ev'ry lovely die ;  
Stript by the bitter blasts of worldly care,  
Presents a cheerless prospect to mine eye ;  
It's scenes I quit, and seek a friendlier sky :  
As the gay children of the gaudy spring,  
The tender swallows, when our winter's nigh,  
To southern seats their wonted musick bring ;  
So Fancy's fairy realm I seek on vent'rous wing.

Beyond the world, but on the world's confine,  
Far in the lucid south (still undescried  
By vulgar eyes) is laid this Land divine ;  
With all on earth that's lovely beautified :  
And sweets innum'rous to our world deny'd.  
Yet far it's secret worth transcends it's show,  
For

For, in each blooming flow'r is close imply'd,  
Instruction sage, and latent on each bow,  
The fruits of golden Truth, and goodliest Know-  
[ledge grow.

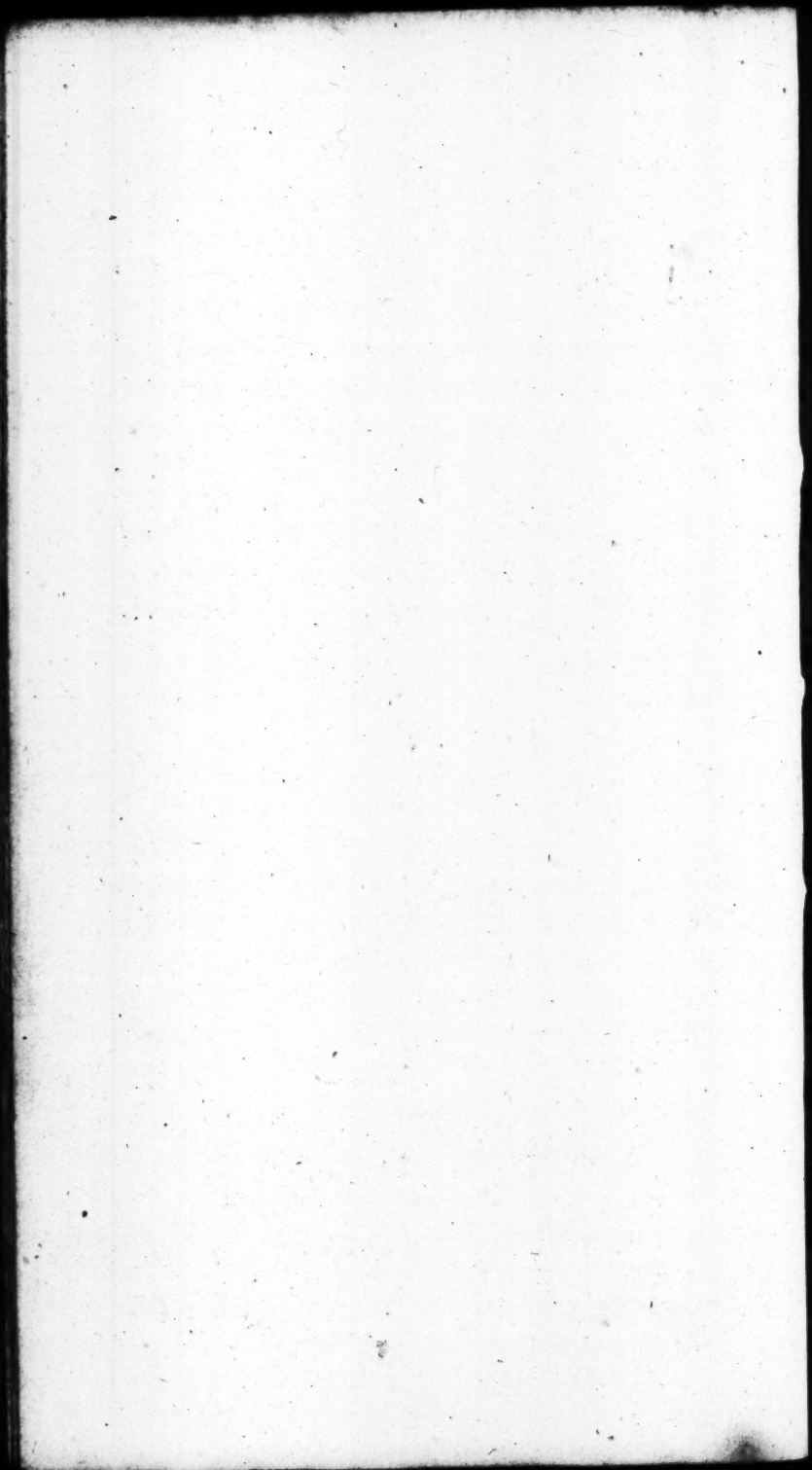
Now in this moral garden of the Muse,  
(Where sacred Wisdom's not ashamed to rove,  
But with it's fragrant blooms doth often chuse,  
To deck the brow of Virtue, his fair love.)  
Will I some gay delightful moments prove :  
And as I've vow'd, if on aught fair I light ,  
Blossom, or fruit, thro'out it's wand'ring grove,  
To her as virtue pure, and fancy bright,  
My loveliest *Clarabel* ! I'll dedicate aright.

Then ask I not the Muse my breast t' inspire ;  
But thou, my best, divinest *Clarabel* !  
Bend here those eyes so fraught with sacred fire :  
Thine eyes shall far surpass the Muse's well.  
Pride of my song ! inspirer of my shell !  
Thine is each song, each excellence they paint !  
From thee at first the fair reflections fell ;  
Thus like a broken mirror they present,  
Thy image multiplied, in colours true tho' faint.  
Ah !



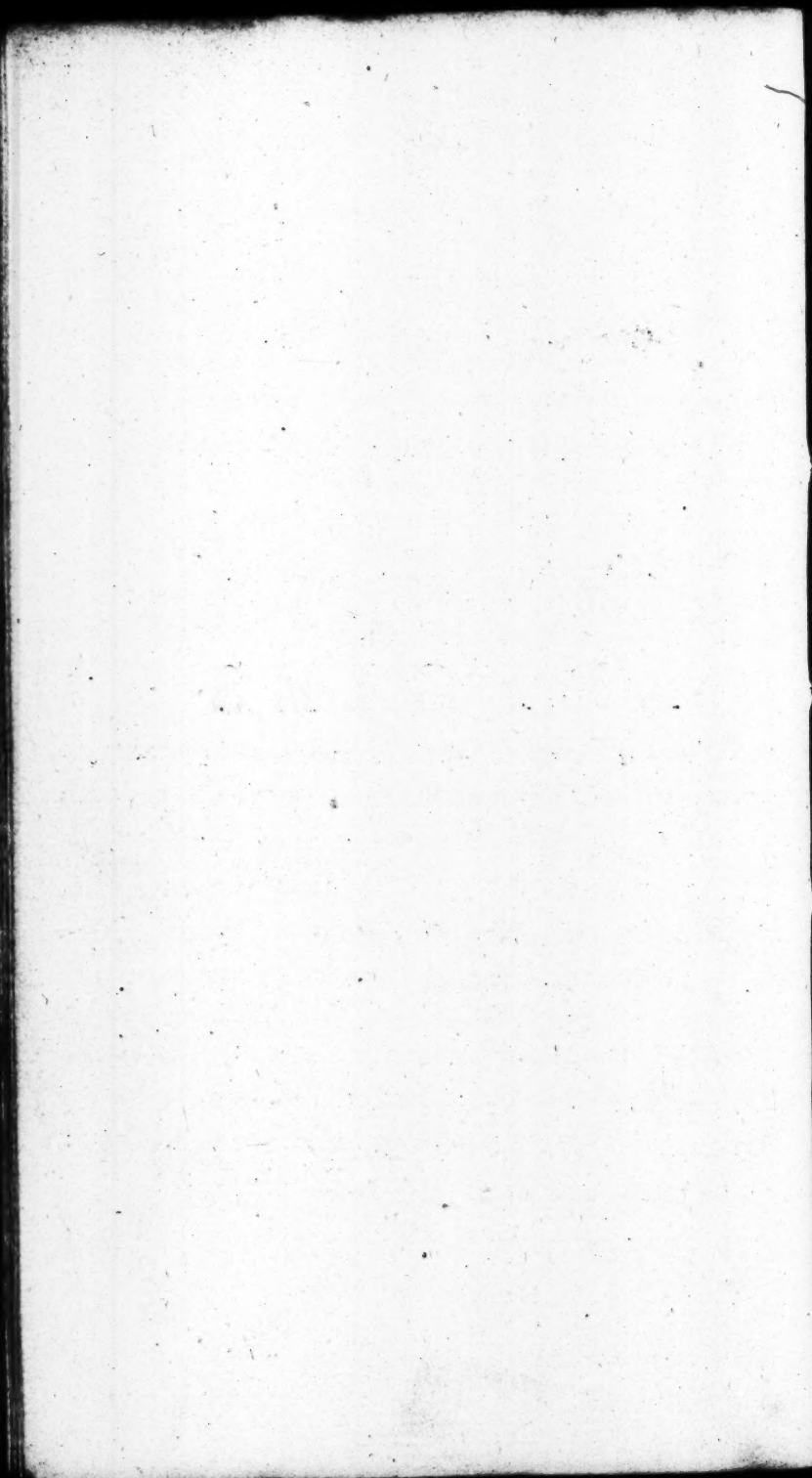
Ah! then, dear maid, whene'er my soul declines,  
 Do thou look forth and re-illumine its pow'rs;  
 As the fair moon on nightly pilgrim shines;  
 Or as an Angel from celestial bow'rs,  
 Visits a Saint in weak distracted hours:  
 So shall my Fancy, cherish'd by my love,  
 (Unaw'd thro' want of learning's sacred stores,)  
 To the bright goal of thy approbance move,  
 And in thy smiles rejoice, all wordly meeds above.





ELEGIES.

F



## AN ELEGY,

*On the late Mr. D..... R..... of this City ;  
a person of excellent wit and humour.*

“ Dignum laude virum, Musa vetat mori.”

HOR.

AND thus, must Man ! in sad succession part,  
With all that lightens life, and sooths the heart ;  
Thus at each turn, some kind companion lose,  
'Till dark and lonely, he his path pursues ?  
So Cinthia sets upon the pilgrim's way,  
Ere half the dreary night has roll'd away.

Alas ! my friend, thy day was quickly done,  
O'ercast with clouds it hasten'd to be gone :  
But who hath time perus'd, and not perceiv'd,  
The brave and witty seldom are long-liv'd ?

The rank dull weed exists thro'out the year,  
While fragrant flow'rs but shine and disappear.

In thee, my Rabelais, our Age has lost,  
More wit and genius than 't 'as left to boast.  
Like a stale maid, Thalia grown so nice,  
That while she's chaste as snow, she's cold as ice,  
In thee hath seen her last bright hope expire,  
Her Shakespear's humour and her Congreve's  
[fire.

Or, had he choicé satyric truth to veil,  
In some gay memoir, or romantick tale;  
Our modern Rab'lais had the old outshone,  
And join'd Cervantes and Voltaire in one.

His Wit, was like a fountain in his fowl,  
For ever flowing, and for ever full :  
As from a fire-work shoots a dazzl'ng tide,  
Which streaming up the heav'ns is still supply'd,  
So brilliant thoughts, by brilliant thoughts  
[pursu'd,  
One gay continu'd chase of wit renew'd.

But





So learning nothing that he should forget,  
 Not less perspicuous were his thoughts than  
 [great.

Ev'n on that farthest intellectual sea,  
 Where bounded science sheds a doubtful ray,  
 Oft from his vig'rous mind a beam has shot,  
 And lighted up that polar sphere of thought.

But if his wit past many a boasted name,  
 His language might their labour'd writings  
 [shame.

As heav'nly nymphs, by skilful painters drawn,  
 Are only shaded with transparent lawn ;  
 So thro' his language exquisitely fine,  
 In naked beauty beam'd the Thought divine :  
 It's sacred spirit ! seem'd to 'ave glorifi'd,  
 The body of the phrase, and stood descri'd.

Thus far, dear Friend, thy portrait have I  
 [wrought ;  
 But now thy Fate comes dark'ning o'er my  
 [thought !

A fate ! so strangely mournful to review,  
 Dejected Pity scarce can think it true.

But

But let me not thy rich exchange deplore ;  
 Thou hast no loss sustain'd, but left us poor ;  
 This weary wilderness of life o'erpast,  
 The blessings of the Promis'd Land you taste.  
 And from the everlasting shore survey,  
 The toil and tempests of this human sea.



### ELEGY.

" Give sorrow way, the grief that will not speak,  
 " Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break."

SHAKESPEARE.

COME, Melancholy, come thou musing Maid!  
 And bear me to some deep-sequester'd glade ;  
 Where lost in dreams of tender grief you dwell,  
 What time pale ev'ning shades thy willow'd cell:  
 There,

There, in thy lap ! I'll lay my pensive head,  
And drink the falling tears thy sorrows shed ;  
Sooth thy soft passion, 'till my soul o'erflow,  
And melt in all thy luxury of woe ;  
There will I mourn, while not a soul shall hear,  
Save Echo, lonely confident of care ;  
Or Pity ! crown'd with weeping lillies nigh,  
May listen sadly pleas'd, and softly sigh.

'Tis well: here Nature with my mind accords:  
No love-taught melody of warbling birds,  
No cheerful fun---but sober all and still,  
Save the low voice of yon complaining rill ;  
That seems supply'd by tears, and fraught  
[with woe,  
It mourns so sadly, and it moves so slow.  
Come then, my Soul, these desert shades among,  
To passing winds attune thy plaintive song :  
As well may'st thou to desert wilds complain,  
As hope soft pity from the hearts of men.

Thus, in the swan, no thought of musick  
springs,  
Till grief inspires, and as she dies she sings.  
Har-

Harmonious sounds, 'tis said, with ease controll  
 The reptile's madd'ning bite, and heal the soul;  
 And in prevailing rhymes the wizzards write,  
 Those spells they mumble by the moon's pale  
 [light.

But ah for me! what balm may verse distill?  
 I know no learning, and I boast no skill;  
 And Fancy, who I fondly thought my own,  
 But smil'd with Fortune, and with Fortune's  
 [gone.

Dear happy days! with no disquiet tost,  
 When Fancy bore me o'er her fairy coast,  
 \*Wrapt from myself, and in elisium! lost. }  
 Blest hours! when musing by some haunted  
 [stream,

Soft o'er my soul the sweet Enchantress came;  
 Peace breath'd her whispers thro' the lonely  
 [shade,

Midst the glad bows the golden Ev'ning play'd;  
 Serenity! divinely smil'd on high,

Her dove-like wings diffusive o'er the sky,  
 An holy stillness shed -----

Then, rich in deep'ning glooms my Goddess stood,  
 Breath'd in the wind, and murmur'd in the flood;

G

Or

Or on the colour'd clouds, (whose forms of light,  
 She gives to change amusive to the sight ;)   
 Half sunk she seem'd in downy gold to loll,  
 And shed her sacred spirit ! o'er my soul :   
 While on her charms my ravish'd senses fed,  
 A pillow of bright dreams ! sustain'd my head ;   
 Gay shapes, and shadowy worlds ! hover'd near,  
 Celestial musick rung within mine ear,  
 Heav'n dwelt within my breast; a darkness veil'd  
 My dying eyes, my drowning spirits fail'd ;   
 'Till weigh'd to sleep by raptures so intense,  
 I dreamt of joys ! too fine for waking sense.

· But ah! tis o'er, the sweet enchantment's gone,  
 And Reason wakes to find itself undone :   
 No more I stray thro' flow'ry valleys wild,  
 As some gay insect, summer's happy child,  
 Disports at will, and wantons in delight,  
 All day on blossoms feeds, and sleeps all night.  
 But now, methinks, upon some dreary waste,  
 That Nature's self deserted, am I cast ;   
 Wild o'er the dusky scene mine eyes are thrown,  
 My soul shrinks back to find herself alone !

No



No friendly voice sweet consolation brings,  
But hollow winds shake terror from their wings.  
Where now, th' Associates of those happier hours!  
When Pleasure lull'd me in her roseate bow'rs ;  
And Hope, in whose bright wings the colours  
[play,

Flutter'd before, and sung me on my way ?  
Ah ! like autumnal leaves behold them fly !  
And leave me naked ! to the wint'ry sky.

But lo ! what hideous Monsters ! in their  
[stead,  
Pursue my steps by black Misfortune led !  
Lo ! wild Distress ! with with'ring mein & looks,  
Threatens with lifted scourge her bloody strokes !  
Fell Want ! of wolfish visage, lean and foul,  
Howls in my ears, and harrows up my soul !  
And Sickness lo ! whose steps with groans are  
[told ;  
Cruel Neglect ! that kills with piercing cold ;  
Grinning Reproach ! that on the fallen preys :  
And thousand Doubts ! and gloomy Fears !  
[with these.

Ah me! I thought! ere yet this storm grew high,  
 Still the kind shelter of my Muse was nigh;  
 With her to some low cell, (where angry Fate  
 Might scorn to follow,) still I could retreat;  
 Where Fairy forms should grace my little room,  
 Enchanted scenes the clay-built walls illume;  
 And all the world's delights, without it's care,  
 Fancy should make my own, and treasure there.  
 How blest! while round the lowly safe abode,  
 The storm of life unheeded bluster'd loud,  
 'To clasp the glowing Muse with raptur'd arms,  
 Lose all my self, and mingle with her charms!  
 But oh! vain thought! no Muse affords her aid;  
 The muses fly the wretches they have made:  
 Like treach'rous rats the found'ring bark avoid,  
 Which their pernicious arts before destroy'd.  
 Fly then! ye youths, the muse's fatal coast,  
 Who listens to her Melody is lost!

And who, O Fancy! builds his hopes on thee,  
 Madly puts forth upon a dang'rous sea,  
 By glitt'ring stars to guide his doubtful way: }  
 For him the changeful sky must rest serene,  
 And tempests slumber in the faithless main!

Crown

Crowning the spangled fields! the heav'nly Bow,  
 Less lovely seems, than to our youth you show;  
 And as that shines but while the sun appears,  
 Dissolving on his absence into tears,  
 So thou from fortune tak'st thy glitt'ring dies,  
 And all thy train of thoughts, their gay varieties.  
 But soon as dark adversity draws nigh,  
 Like worldly friends! thy gaudy visions fly;  
 Or in black shapes of baleful aspect roll,  
 And swell the night of sorrow on the soul!

Ah! why did pre-disposing Heav'n create,  
 My aspiring soul above it's vulgar fate!  
 Why give th' enchanting voice of early fame!  
 To thrill and vibrate thro' the tender frame;  
 Why give this heart to make each sorrow mine;  
 Why lend it's fire! if not to ascend and shine?  
 As when some boy permits in wanton play,  
 The captive lark in length'ned bonds to stray;  
 Th' exulting bird, her eyes erect, her wings  
 Trembling with joy, to airy freedom springs,  
 In eager hope anticipates the skies,  
 And drinks the distant azure as she flies:

But

But ah ! the distant sky she seeks in vain,  
 The envious fetter brings her down again.  
 So, borne on hope's gay flutt'ring wings away,  
 While fame's enchanting scenes in prospect lay ;  
 Oft I essay'd to reach some nobler height,  
 Withheld by fate, and vainly wing'd for flight.

But now, at the enliv'ning voice of fame,  
 No more my genius kindles into flame !  
 And courser-like, with gen'rous fury fraught,  
 Swallowst' unmeasured way in ardent thought:  
 For Hope's strong cordial, now it's warmth is o'er,  
 Preys on my spirits, which it cheer'd before ;  
 While foil'd Ambition! sullenly retires,  
 And discontented, glooms in smould'ring fires.

That, stern Adversity's a friend to Man,  
 Sage poets sing, and learned seers maintain :  
 Fix'd in a rich luxuriant soil at ease,  
 Beneath prosperity's intemp'rate blaze ;  
 That, Man! unshook by breath of adverse wind,  
 Sleeps through the branching functions of the  
 mind ;  
 The

The soul's faint stem, devoid of genial pow'r,  
 T' exalt the sap, and swell th' expecting flow'r ;  
 Stead of the ripen'd hopes that manhood gives,  
 Flaunts in redundant pomp of idle leaves.  
 While under adverse fortune's freezing heav'n,  
 To active thought a manlier tone is giv'n ;  
 An ampler prospect on the mental eye  
 Expands ! and all the flimsy Follies die :  
 Thus sober Night severely shines in frost,  
 And keener glories ! crown the starry host.  
 Ah !---this may be, when open and confess'd,  
 Misfortune boldly storms the manly breast ;  
 A brave resistance ! then her rage may meet,  
 And the tough Heart may triumph o'er its fate.  
 But ah ! ye wise ! what boots the better mind,  
 Of strength to bear, or courage to contend ?  
 When, " In the morn and liquid dew of youth,"  
 Th' insidious Foe has prey'd with cank'ring tooth ;  
 And ills ! succeeding ills ! each other chase,  
 In silent lapse that never knows to cease.

FRIEND.

*FRIENDSHIP,*  
*A N E L E G Y.*

- “ Friendship is but an empty name.  
“ A charm that lulls to sleep :  
“ A shade that follows wealth and fame,  
“ And leaves the wretch to weep.”

GOLDS.

ON the dull Wretch ! who Friendship trusts,  
[no more,  
Than that he have cause to try it, I implore.  
Curs'd be the Knave ! who first the cheat ! con-  
[triv'd,  
And impudently hop'd to be believ'd !  
Friendship--the name has stabb'd, and caus'd to  
[die,  
More honest hearts, than priestly cruelty !  
Well was it call'd, a med'cine for all ills,  
For soon or late the Panacea kills.

Fond Man ! in fortune's soft'ring bosom laid,  
All cares prevented, and all wants supply'd ;  
Wh



Why wilt thou seek that social bane, a Friend;  
 That pois'nous sweet to sooth thy easy mind?  
 How pleas'd, how proudly! while propitious

[gales,

Waft his gay bark, and court his wanton sails;  
 O'er life's deceitful sea, whose flatt'ring glass,  
 Reflects the short-lived smile on fortune's face;  
 Secure of fate he moves; defies the stars,  
 Smiles at the swelling waves, and mocks their  
 [threat'ned wars.

For Friendship's port, unknown to storms, is  
 [near,

Confirms his quiet, and forbids his fear.

Ah foolish Mariner! pursue thy way,  
 Forbear that seeming port, and trust the sea;  
 There hidden rocks abound more fell by far,  
 Than all the fury of the wat'ry war.

Not when the horn's brass voice the welkin

[tears,

And deep-mouth'd hounds are op'ning on their

[cars;

Ply the sleek Herd so swift their winged feet,  
 And leave the stricken Hart to hungry fate:

H

As

As fly, when leaving fortune's sunny mead,  
Her gloomy-shadow'd vale we're forc'd to tread,  
The herd of Friends---And while their rank-  
[ling breasts,  
The sense of base ingratitude infests,  
Hold the unhappy wretch! in deadly hate,  
Whose sight upbraids them with their own de-  
[ceit.

If aught of friendship ! this vile world possess,  
'Tis 'mongst the lowly children of distress ;  
(For here it is not, as with ships at sea,  
Which in a tempest from each other flee)  
Taught by their own, they pity others' woe,  
And share the little which the Gods allow :  
While fat Prosperity ! no time can spare,  
To hear the plaint of Grief, or sooth the breast  
[of Care.

EPIGRAMS,

SONGS, &c.



## ON MODERN POETRY.

SURELY the Grecian Phebus reigns no more,  
 But some emasculated modern Pow'r!  
 Who sacrific'd his vigour for a voice,  
 And manly genius for melodious noise;  
 No more in stubborn sense but sound he deals,  
 And lamentable themes he never feels:  
 No passion now Melpomene betrays,  
 But calm in death declaims like Socrates:  
 While Comedy forsooth, is grown so nice,  
 That while she's chaste as snow, she's cold as

[ice.

Yet this he calls refinement! polish'd sense!  
 Making a virtue of his impotence!  
 Thou new Apollo! to the old give place,  
 Send us more wit---and let us shift for grace.

T.

*To an Acquaintance who had built a very fine  
House.*

YOUR House, or Palace, which you please,  
My dearest Sir, surpasses praise :  
How th' strong and fair may blended be,  
Thither the learn'd shall flock to see ;  
Where happy art bestows like health,  
Together comeliness and strength.  
So strong! it seems as if it could  
Repel a tempest, or a flood ;  
And yet so fair ! as if it might  
Subdue them merely by delight :  
Make the big Flood with pride elate !  
Stoop humbly pleas'd to wash it's feet ;  
The Storm with admiration sigh  
Itself into a calm, and die !  
In short, 'tis all that's grand and great :  
But tell me Sir---pray where will you eat ?  
Now this fine work ! has left you poor,  
'Twill on it's master shut the door ;  
Nor be a whit more good or fair,  
Than one of my Castles in the Air.

LINES



## LINES

*Written on the Dutcheſs of Rutland's entrance  
into Cork, in the year 178--.*

WHAT means this dawn of joy! this glad-  
[ ſome ray!

This promiſe of an unexpected day?

Why ſmiles dull Labour, to whoſe lot 'tis giv'n,

To hear of pleaſure as we hear of Heav'n!

Does bleſt Aſtrea! ſeek the earth again,

With fair-ey'd Peace and Gladneſs in her train?

But ſoft! behold a roſe-lip'd Cherub ſings,

Bright waving to the ſun his azure wings:

“ Etherial Habitant! indulge my pray'r,

“ Say, why theſe ſounds of joy attune the air;

“ What gives the day to uſher in delight,

“ That us'd in dulneſs to contend with night?

“ Declare the cauſe”--The roſe-lip'd Sprite

[ reply'd,

“ Pleaſure's my name, and Rutland! is my guide:

“ Where'er ſhe bends I hover on the wing,

“ Glance in her eyes, and in her accents ſing.

Lo!

" Lo! where she comes, fair Excellence serene !  
 " All that young poets dream of beauty's queen :  
 " The living fire of genius ! temper'd sweet,  
 " The soul of melting softness and delight !  
 " The light of beauty! the celestial grace!  
 " Beam thro' her form, and triumph in her Face.  
 " Ev'n Jove for her would quit his blest abode,  
 " And leave Olympus to be more a God !  
 " Look on her Charms and give thy wonder o'er,  
 " Or if thou'lt wonder!---wonder and adore."

## N E D,

### A CHARACTER.

Nature lent N E D a slight surtout  
 Of wit, to hide his want of brain;  
 Which, thread-bare grown, the wrong side out  
 He turns, to make it new again!

No Genius now with Ned's can vie,  
 For quickness of misapprehension!  
 For readiness to misapply,  
 And to forget thro' meer retention.

He's

He's grown a very witch at wit,  
For conning backwards 'gainst the grain :  
A commentator ! sure to hit,  
On what his authors never mean.

If to surprize, as Criticks say,  
The proof of wit we may believe  
Ned's in the topsy-turvy way,  
The most surprizing Wit alive.

CLARABELLA.

DRAW in thy mind a Form divinely fair!  
With radiant eyes, and sweet-commanding air ;  
Lips, where the laughing Loves and Graces dwell,  
That in their ruby sweets dissolving swell ;  
To these her cheeks, where fits the day new  
[ ris'n,  
Tresses of light, and smiles of op'ning Heav'n !  
Dress the fair Fiction in all these and more,  
'Till you make Poesy dumb, and Painting poor ;  
I 'Till

'Till Fancy has run out the line of thought;  
 Nor Jove can add a grace to what you've wrought.  
 This, if the flame of love and genius fire  
 Your bosom, with an equal soul inspire;  
 And on your sense, in words not heard but felt,  
 Let it all-eloquent in musick melt.  
 Do this---nor put the Muse to fruitless pains,  
 And ask no more whom *Clarabella*! means.

### LINES,

*On Mr. PRESTON's new Tragedy, called*  
 DEMOCRATICK RAGE.

AVAUNT ye Criticks! we defy you here;  
 Or will you damn yourselves, and be severe:  
 Know, the great Preston! scorns your critick  
 [spite,  
 Born in defiance of your rules to write.  
 In Democratick Rage who finds one fault,  
 Let him be branded for a sov'reign sot!

Yet



But this surpasses all we've known---  
Wit turn'd at last to Industry!

Or was't that Wit did thither fly,  
Because it is the habitation,  
Of it's old inmate Poverty !  
And Lunacy it's near relation ?

But why good bullock beef you'd shun,  
To eat Bull's\* meat I can't explore :  
Do, with thy industry ! have done,  
Dear R.... , and be no longer poor.

\* *Name of the Steward.*

### WRITTEN,

*In a Grammar I had taken up after a long neglect of learning.*

**T**O rules return'd, who broke thro' ev'ry rule!  
Grown a grave blockhead from a flighty fool !  
What



What will it boot to go astray by art,  
Not to amend the head, and spoil the heart ;  
New folly, to conceal the old, put on;  
O'er the fool's-coat to wear the scholar's gown;  
To laugh beneath the grave Deceit, or deem,  
(Deceiv'd myself ) myself the sage I seem !  
Of Nature wide, as wisdom heretofore,  
And add one Vice to all I had before ?  
---But, Sirs, this *all-wise* World will have it's

[way,

So let us not dispute it---but obey.

**WRITTEN**

*In a blank leaf of Virgil.*

W HILE Time, old Tyrant of resistless sway!  
O'er Rome's wide ruins throws a proud survey;  
Beholds the haughty arch in fragments burst,  
And sculptur'd domes enrich their native dust;  
From mould'ring walls the lively painting fled;  
And lost to form the breathing statues laid:

## Malicious

Malicious pride elates the Spoiler's heart,  
 Until he turns to Rome's far nobler part ;  
 Sees Virgil's labours mock his idle rage,  
 Fresh as at first, and youthful in their age :  
 Sorrowing he finds, that all-disposing Heav'n,  
 To him and them, an equal date has giv'n ;  
 And conquer as he may, all arts beside,  
 The sacred Muses ! may his rage deride.

### LOVE.

**H**OW harmless new-born Love ! how sweet  
 [it seems!

An Infant smiling in it's little dreams !  
 The tender Virgin takes him to her arms,  
 Folds to her heart, and feeds upon his charms,  
 (For Nature's child, he's lovely ! while his fire,  
 Gay Fancy, revels in his eyes and air !)  
 Little she dreams, beneath the harmless flow'r,  
 Lurks a dire snake of all-subduing pow'r ;

'Till the insidious urchin tries his art,  
 And treacherously stings her fost'ring heart :  
 Too late, her fond credulity she blames,  
 And flies to shady groves to hide her flames ;  
 Inly she wastes, and dies from day to day,  
 'Till Love, the thorn he planted, take away.

THE FORSAKEN SHEPHERDESS,

*A Song.*

**Y**E happy Nymphs ! that careless rove,  
 Once my companions dear ;  
 Attend awhile the wretch of love !  
 But ah ! your pity spare :  
 For should you weep, my heart wou'd swell,  
 And only tears my sorrows tell.

Happy as heart could wish was I !  
 The loveliest youth alive,

Vow'd

Vow'd none was fair while I was by ;

Ah ! why did I believe ;

Alas ! I thought him, true as kind,

But found him falser than the wind.

How fond ! the Nymph, who on a bed

Of thorny flow'rs would lie,

Because their leaves sweet odours shed,

Their colours charm the eye ;

Ah me ! as fond the Nymph I deem,

Who yields to love's delusive dream.

Ye happy Nymphs, when I am dead,

(As dead I soon shall be)

With willow garlands on your head,

The last sad office pay ;

And when of hapless loves ye hear,

Think of my fate ! and drop a tear.

BELL,

A S O N G.

BELL's loose you say and fond of sport,

I know she's kind and fair ;

Go,

Go you, uneasy virtue court,  
I'll stay and trifle here.

No peevish pride ere curls a frown,  
On her clear smiling brow !  
She's wanton as the spring I own,  
But she's as lovely ! too.

### CHLOE.

CHLOE 'gainst Lewdness will declaim,  
And edify you in a rage ;  
From morn till night her constant theme :  
Now Chloe keeps a handsome page.

Solemn ! to Church, at noon they come,  
The Youth her pond'rous pray'r-book ! bears;  
At Night she takes him to her room ;  
Doubtless to teach the boy his pray'rs !

K

A SONG,

## A S O N G,

*That may answer any new Sentimental Opera.*

**M**ISFORTUNE! ever is unkind;  
 No peace the troubled breast can know;  
 Sorrow still haunts the wretch's mind;  
 And comfort flies the seat of woe.

Clear grows the sky when clouds depart;  
 And spring-tide suns revive the earth;  
 But where grief dwells within the heart,  
 Adieu --- adieu--- to joy and mirth.

CONSO-



## CONSOLATION.

THOU Husband, happy in a virtuous bride!  
What means, dear Mat, (this cloud upon thy  
[brow ?  
What should it mean but joy, (poor Mat reply'd)  
In three months husband made and father too !  
If that be all, content thee, (Dick rejoins)  
Far better is thy case than mine my friend ;  
For my obliging wife produc'd me Twins,  
Ere scarce the honey-moon was at an end.

TALES.



## PHILIPPA,

A TALE FROM BOCCASE.

THE mark is mist as much, o'erfhot,  
 As coming short of it, I wot ;  
 So Justice carri'd to excess,  
 Losing itself becomes a vice.

In Prado, anciently 'tis said,  
 This raging love of justice made  
 A law 'gainst woman's gentle face  
 As cruel, as unjust and base ;  
 By which, whatever wedded Dame,  
 Indulging in a lawless flame,  
 Detected in the act, was doom'd,  
 In flames alive to be consum'd,  
 Her ashes scatter'd in the wind ;  
 A dreadful warning to her kind.

This

This cruel law existed long,  
 When one Phillippa, fair and young,  
 Of witty vein, and am'rous will ;  
 (As witty dames are am'rous still,  
 Who by the forelock take old Time,  
 And pluck love's roses in their prime :)  
 Was by her dreaded Husband caught,  
 In dire commission of the fault.  
 And here, ye gentle Fair-ones all,  
 Let not your heavy censure fall ;  
 But from the merit of the youth,  
 For whom she forfeited her truth ;  
 And Love ! whose law will be maintain'd,  
 Some fair excuse and colour lend :  
 Lest malice say you censure her,  
 Not for her love, but want of care.

Whether the husband wore that day  
 His rapier, history does'nt say ;  
 Whence most grave criticks are inclin'd,  
 To deem him of the thoughtful Kind,  
 Hand over head who ne'er proceed ;  
 A fell and unforgiving breed.

But

But lest these comments over-nice,  
 Protract our tale, let it suffice,  
 That tardy law was his resource ;  
 The sternest, and the safest course.

The awful day of trial set,  
 Our Fair her weeping friends entreat,  
 Since there was nothing in her favour,  
 (Unless an Alibi might save her !)  
 Not to appear or meet the charge.  
 But she of soul refin'd and large,  
 (As all true lovers still inherit  
 High-soaring sentiment and spirit)  
 Chose rather gallantly to die,  
 And own the truth, than basely fly ;  
 And by a guilty flight acknowledge  
 Herself unworthy of the homage,  
 A Youth of such unrivall'd worth,  
 Paid to her beauty, wit, and---so forth.  
 Spite then, of all their pray'rs and tears,  
 She, on the appointed day, appears  
 In Court ; attended by a train  
 Of either sex, her brow serene ;

And



And in a steady voice inquires,  
What the dread Justicer desires.

The Judge, who saw her lovely fair,  
And guessing by her noble air,  
The soul in excellence divine!  
Equall'd the beauty of it's shrine;  
Fear'd lest her courage might confess  
The fact, and so by law express,  
Such charms! as never should expire,  
Must feel the fatal rage of fire:  
And tho' his duty must be done,  
By all-persuasive Beauty won,  
But partially his part he plies;  
Fee'd advocate to her fair eyes.

" Madam, behold you stand (he saith)  
" Charg'd with the breach of nuptial faith:  
" Your unrelenting Lord demands,  
" The law's stern sentence at my hands;  
" That is, that you be burn'd: but then  
" I cannot in the case condemn,  
" Unless yourself th' offence shall own;  
" So take your measures thereupon,

L

" And

“ And yield your answer,” Undismay’d,  
The fair Phillippa thus reply’d.

“ Sir, it is true, my husband found  
“ In my embraces, Torrismond :  
“ And freely, I confess I love,  
“ A Youth whom envy must approve.  
“ But Sir, you’re not to learn I trust,  
“ Law should be gen’ral to be just,  
“ To all indifferently dispense,  
“ Sun-like ! it’s wholesome influence ;  
“ And it’s decrees be ratify’d  
“ By their consent for whom they’re made.  
“ Else if a Few themselves exalt,  
“ Sole arbiters, not ours the fault,  
“ Transgressing as they please to will,  
“ But the law-makers make the ill.  
“ Now, Sir, the Statute in this case,  
“ Embraces but the female race ;  
“ To which, not only no consent,  
“ The Party interested lent,  
“ But not a widow, wife or maid,  
“ Was ere consulted on the head.  
“ Hence let your wisdom, Sir, infer,  
“ The Law ill-founded and unfair.

“ How-

" However---if you will proceed,  
 " (Nor the deep cry of conscience heed,)  
 " And urge against my life, a Law,  
 " Unjust ! as barb'rous realms ere saw  
 " I'm in your pow'r, and as you please,  
 " So do : Yet ere the sentence pass---  
 " I've one small favour to desire ;  
 " 'Tis of my husband to require,  
 " Whether he can say I ever chose,  
 " His love to baulk, his joys oppose ;  
 " And was not found consenting still,  
 " And always ready to his will ?"

The Husband candidly agreed,  
 No Matron could his wife exceed  
 In compliance of such a sort :

" Then let me ask (she cries) the Court ;  
 " When to his am'rous claims was granted,  
 " As much as he desir'd and wanted ;  
 " What with the remnant ! should be done ?  
 " Say ought it to the dogs been thrown?  
 " Was it not fairer and more fit,  
 " To bless a worthy man with it,

L. 2

" Whose

“ Whose love of me his soul engross’d,  
 “ Than leave it ! to be spoil’d or lost ?”

This pleasant question soon as spoke,  
 The crowded Court with laughter shook ;  
 And one and all, the audience cry’d,  
 The Fair had reason on her side.  
 The Law, on grave advice, in short,  
 Was chang’d by full consent of court ;  
 And to the Dames confin’d, who prove  
 Faithless from Avarice, not Love :  
 While fair PHILIPPA left the dome,  
 With loud acclaims ! conducted home.

To *Beauty* ! reason’s self must yield  
 When arm’d with wit, she takes the field ;  
 No wonder then, she conquer wholly,  
 Law built on prejudice ! and folly.

AARON

## AARON AND THE WIDOW.

FROM VOLTAIRE.

THE swinish Multitude ! deem Priests rapacious;  
 And grudge them one poor tenth of all their labour,  
 Now this to me is utterly vexatious,  
 Considering our Churchmen's mild behaviour.

Well might they grumble, if at this blest time !  
 Priests were as in good Moses' days of old :  
 For instance hear, authentic tho' in rhyme,  
 From long record a story simply told.

In

In chosen Israel dwelt a widow'd Dame,  
 One only ewe ! she had, the which she shore,  
 From wintry winds to wrap her shiv'ring frame;  
 When Bishop Aaron ! straight was at her door.

Woman, (saith he) 'tis written in the word,  
 " The first-fruits are the Lord's," so seiz'd the  
[wool,  
 And bore it off: she wept and prais'd the Lord,  
 But curs'd his Priest in silence of her soul.

When yeon'd ere long the Widow's fleeceless  
[Ewe,  
 Again the Shepherd of the Lord ! is come ;  
 " The firstlings of the flock to Heav'n are due"  
 He said, and seiz'd the lamb, and bore it home.

In sad astonishment ! bereft of pow'r,  
 T' oppose the holy robbery ! she stood :  
 At length, by hunger's rage assaulted sore,  
 She slays her hapless Ewe in desp'rate mood.

When, true as vulture to the scent of blood,  
 God's faithful minister ! again appears ;

" The



“The loin and shoulder, as the law allow’d”  
He’d have and eat, (he said) which off he bears.

“Dev’l take the ewe,” in rage (she cried): the  
[words  
Heard the good Priest! and turning on his heel;  
Saying “whate’er is cursed is the Lord’s,”  
Secur’d the rest, and made a glorious meal.

## JEALOUSY DEFEATED.

FROM FONTAINE.

A certain jealous Fool! resolv’d,  
From all converse his Wife to hold;  
A labyrinth prepar’d;  
Constructed by the subtlest art,  
With endless turns in ev’ry part,  
That all access debarr’d.

Rarely

Rarely he slept, and sleeping, still  
 One eye stood wary centinel,  
     While dreams disturb'd his pate :  
 And through the Gate of Horn! I deem,  
 Not that of Ivory they came :  
     But this let schools debate.

With eyes all o'er that never slept,  
 An old the Argus too he kept,  
     Whom nothing might deceive ;  
 Close by her Lady's gentle side,  
 As her own shadow would she glide,  
     And would as seldom leave.

Ah, Dotard! nought avails thy skill :  
 To bar a woman of her will,  
     An arduous task ! I ween :  
 Tho' of her hairs, th' exact amount,  
 Both morn and eve thou tak'st account ;  
     Thou shalt be overseen.

One holy-day, this Dame went out,  
 To mass, (devoutly bent no doubt)  
     When by a certain door,

On her fair head was hung from high,  
 A filthy show'r of deepest die,  
 That stain'd her o'er and o'er.

Forth pops, and spins a long excuse,  
 The civil Mistress of the house,  
 And begs her step inside :  
 And now she doffs her foul array,  
 While Argus is dispatch'd away,  
 Fresh rayment to provide.

Breathless our IO's guard is gone,  
 And finds the husband all alone,  
 Exulting in his wit ;  
 Her story told, and told again,  
 He stamps, his temples sprout amain,  
 He finds his wisdom bit !

“ Plague take the Labyrinth, (he cried)  
I am, it cannot be deny'd,

An Husband duly made.”

And well I ween the cuckold guest,  
For what the show'r of filth was cast,  
And how he was betray'd :

For, in the absence of the Crone,  
Left with a sprightly Youth alone,

This artifice who try'd ;

The Lady did not misemploy,

The precious moments meant for joy !

Or else she's foul bely'd.



THE  
TWO FRIENDS.

FROM FONTAINE.

DAMON and Pythias, (not those,  
Renown'd for faith on long record,)  
But two, whose hearts were join'd as close,  
As modern friendship may afford.

Both, young and full of am'rous flame,  
By fair agreement 'twixt them made,  
(As comrades and good friends became)  
Love's pleasures shar'd in Chloe's bed.

M 2

And

And whether of the friendly pair,  
 So well perform'd the work of nature ;  
 The Dame brought forth a girl so fair,  
 Each boasted of the lovely creature.

But time arriv'd, the dubious child  
 Could play her Mamma's lesson over ;  
 Damon nor Pythias would be stil'd,  
 Her Sire, but each would be her Lover.

You're Father to this child, (quoth one)  
 I've heard you swear it many a time ;  
 No (t'other cries) the child's your own,  
 I'll take the hazard of the Crime.

VERSES



## VERSES,

*Addressed to the late Mr. ——— Author of some  
excellent Poems.*

(WRITTEN IN THE SPRING OF 1786)

**I**S it, my Muse, the world-reviving Spring,  
Awakes thy slumb'ring lyre, and bids thee sing;  
Or is it native Worth enwraps thee so,  
And gives thy praise in tuneful verse to flow?  
Yes, it is genius! and that genius thine!  
O ——— thou happy darling of the nine.  
But as the Ancients sacrific'd to Heav'n,  
A portion of the blessings it had giv'n;  
So should I borrow from thy noble strain,  
Rhymes worthy to return to thee again.

O would'st

O would'st thou sing once more, and charm  
[our ears !

Still as night listens to the tuneful spheres,  
Attent as lovers while they hear the Fair,  
In sweet-reluctant sounds their flames declare ;  
So still, and so attentive would I be ;  
And never sing myself, except of thee.

Why wer't thou fix'd by Fortune's wayward  
[doom,

Where thy great soul is scant'd of her room !  
Where ev'n thy philosophick breast must pine,  
To meet no heart in unison with thine ?  
Ah ! were I plac'd on fortune's tow'ring height,  
I'd lend a hand to raise thee from thy fate ;  
A fate, that while it wrongs, exalts thee more ;  
A shame to wealth, an obloquy to pow'r !

Once, my dear Friend, (indulge me with that  
[name)

Poets were paid with more than barren fame ;  
In

In courts they liv'd, in gay assemblies shone ;  
Kings were their friends, and all the world

[their own:

Now, (sad reverse) they unregarded lie,

**"Like roses that in deserts bloom and die."**

Ah ! with rich pleasures were thy genius fed,  
What noble thoughts ! that now lie chill'd and

[dead,

Would spring to life, and give the world to know,  
Not Fancy, but Oppression was thy foe.

And now, tho' warm affection still would sing,  
My vent'rous Muse has weary'd her young

(wing:

Yet one verse more; who could a verse refuse,  
To prompt thy genius, and awake thy muse?

By that fair branch of bays, so well deserv'd,

To grace thy tomb the mufes have prepar'd ;

I beg thee, Friend, (nor let my pray'r be vain)

To wake the spirit of thy lyre again ;

Such

Such as when Grecian Virtue was thy theme,  
 In sweetest numbers lasting as it's fame:  
 While I, in pleasing silence shall attend,  
 Glad I inspir'd thy muse, and proud to be thy  
 [Friend.



LINES